# THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

The lady to whom I am indebted for most of these details knew Mrs. Nicholson intimately, having occupied the bungalow opposite to hers at Mhow, and she tells me that Mrs. Nicholson's favourite drive there, where she met her carriage every evening, was along the Simrole Road—" Simrole Tank ! "

Indian friends say that Laurence Hope's poetry expresses a profound knowledge of, as well as an intense love for, the life of the East; and as one reads it, and hears of that life "poured out across his grave," one wonders instinctively how often she had been " sati " * for her husband before.

What varying tributes have been offered all over the world to the memory of the wife of Malcolm Nicholson !

Women on solitary ranches have offered the wild flowers of wilder western prairies. Millionairesses among the languorous lilies of heated Boston boudoirs have envied her a passion all their dollars could not buy. Maharanis have offered her roses on sunlit marble terraces, and marvelled that a pale-faced woman

should read their lives so well. Gold kings
and silver paupers among the soft flannel

* A widow who burns herself on the pyre.